

The Washington Times Magazine Page

THE INSIDE OF THE CUP

A Story of Love and Spiritual Uplift by
WINSTON CHURCHILL

The Growing Child

The Skin
KEEP HIM WELL!
U. S. Public Health Service.Follow This Great Serial Here, Then Watch
for It in Motion Pictures Personally
Directed by Albert Capellani

In one of our large Western cities the invasion of factories and the rush of new business drive the old-established and wealthy families toward the outskirts. The fashionable St. John's Church, the pride of the city, in which the venerable Dr. Gilman has preached, finds itself isolated and in need of a new pastor to lift the burden from aged shoulders. The new man, Rev. John Hodder, is discussed by the Waring family after one of his first sermons, and the opinion is that he will be conservative and efficient.

"The Inside of the Cup," published serially here by the Washington Times Magazine, has been made into a motion picture by Cosmopolitan Productions and will be released as a Paramount Artcraft Picture.

By Winston Churchill.

Author of "Richard Carvel," "The Crisis," and Many Other Novels of World-Wide Popularity.

THE situation in the early Christian Church is now a matter of history, and he who runs may read. The first churches, like those of Corinth and Ephesus and Rome, were democracies; no such thing as a priestly line to carry on a hierarchy, an ecclesiastical dynasty, dreamed of. It may be gathered from the gospels that such an idea was so far from the mind of Christ that his mission was to set at naught just such another hierarchy, which then existed in Israel. The Apostles were no more bishops than was John the Baptist, but preachers who traveled from place to place, like Paul. The congregations, at Rome and elsewhere, elected their own presbyters, episcopos or overseers. It is, to say the least, doubtful, that Peter was ever in Rome.

"The professor ought to have a pulpit of his own," said Phil. There was a silence. And then Evelyn, who had been eating quantities of hothouse grapes, spoke up. "So far as I can see, the dilemma in which our congregation finds itself is this: We want to know what there is in Christianity that we can lay hold of. We should like to believe, but, as George says, all our education contradicts the doctrines that are most insisted upon. We don't know where to turn. We have the choice of going to people like George, who know a great deal and don't believe anything, or to clergymen like Mr. Hodder, who demand that we shall believe the reason in us which has been so carefully trained."

"Upon my word, I think you've put it rather well, Evelyn," said Eleanor, admiringly. "In spite of personalities," added Mr. Bridges. "I don't see the use of fussing about it," proclaimed a fustian Grey, who was the richest and sprucest of the three sons-in-law. "Why can't we let well enough alone?"

EVELYN OBJECTS. "Because it isn't well enough," Evelyn replied. "I want the real thing or nothing. I go to church once a month to please mother. It doesn't do me any good. And I don't see what good it does you and Lucy to go every Sunday. You never think of it when you're at church, and dance during the week. And besides," she added, with the arrogance of modern youth, "you and Lucy are both intellectually lazy."

"I like that from you, Evelyn," her sister flared up. "You never

read anything except the sporting columns and the annual rules of tennis and golf and polo."

"Must everything be reduced to terms?" Mrs. Waring gently lamented. "Why can't we, as Laura suggests, just continue to trust. They are the more fortunate, perhaps, who can, mother," George Bridges answered, with more of feeling in his voice than he was wont to show. "Unhappily, truth does not come that way. If Roger Bacon and Galileo and Newton and Darwin and Harvey and the others had 'just trusted,' the world's knowledge would still remain as stationary as it was during the thousand-and-odd years the hierarchy of the Church was supreme, when theology was history, philosophy and science rolled into one."

"If God had not meant man to know something of his origin differing from the account in Genesis, he would not have given us Darwin and his successors. Practically every great discovery since the Revelation we owe to men who, by their very desire for truth, were forced into opposition to the tremendous power of the Church, which always insisted that people should 'just trust,' and take the mixture of cosmogony and Greek philosophy, tradition and fable, paganism, Judaeo sacerdotalism and temporal power, wrongly called spiritual, dealt out by this same Church as the last word on science, philosophy, history, metaphysics and government."

"Stop!" cried Eleanor. "You make me dizzy."

"Nearly all the pioneers to whom we owe our age of comparative enlightenment were heretics," George persisted. "And if they could have been headed off, or burned, most of us would still be living in mud caves at the foot of the cliff on which stood the nobleman's castle; and kings would still be kings by divine decree, scientists—if there were any workers in the black art, and every phenomenon we failed to understand, a miracle."

"I choose the United States of America," ejaculated Evelyn.

"I rather like George," said Phil Goodrich, "that you don't believe in miracles."

"Miracles are becoming suspiciously fewer and fewer. Once, an eclipse of the sun was enough to throw men on their knees because they thought it supernatural. If they were logical they'd kneel to day because it has been found natural. Only the inexplicable phenomena are miracles, and after a while—if the theologians will only permit us to finish the job—there won't be any inexplicable phenomena. Mystery, as I believe William James puts it, may be called the more-to-be-known."

"In taking that attitude, George, aren't you limiting the power of God?" said Mrs. Waring.

"How does one limit the power of God, mother," he asked, "to discover that he chooses to work by laws? The most suicidal tendency in religious bodies today is their medieval insistence on what they are pleased to call the supernatural. Which is the more marvelous—that God can stop the earth and make the sun appear to stand still, or that we can construct a universe of untold millions of worlds with planets and satellites, each moving in its orbit, according to law; a universe wherein every atom is true to a sovereign conception? And yet this marvel of marvels, that makes God in the twentieth century infinitely greater than in the sixteenth—would never have been discovered if the champions of theology had had their way."

Mrs. Waring smiled a little.

ELEANOR SPEAKS. "You are too strong for me, George," she said, "but you mustn't expect an old woman to change."

"Mother, dear," cried Eleanor, rising and laying her hand on Mrs. Waring's cheek, "we don't want you to change. It's ourselves we wish to change. We wish for a religious faith like yours, only the same teaching which gave it to you is powerless for us. That's our trouble. We have only to look at you," she added, a little wistfully, "to be sure there is something—something vital in Christianity, if we could only get at it, something that does not depend upon what we have been led to believe is indispensable. George, and men like him, can only show the weakness in the old supports. I don't mean that they do not depend upon what service in revealing errors, but they cannot reconstruct."

"That is the clergyman's business," declared Mr. Bridges. "But he must first acknowledge that the old supports are worthless."

"Well," said Phil, "I like your rector, in spite of his anthropomorphism—perhaps, as George would say, because of it. There is something manly about him that appeals to me."

"There," cried Eleanor, triumphantly, "I've always said Mr. Hodder had a spiritual personality. You feel there is truth shut up inside of him which he cannot communicate. I'll tell you who impresses me in that way more strongly than any one else—Mr. Bentley. And he doesn't come to church any more."

"Mr. Bentley," said her mother, "is a saint. Your father tried to get him to dinner today, but he had promised those working girls of his, who live on the upper floors of his house, to dine with them. One of them told me so. Of course, he will never speak of his kindnesses."

"Mr. Bentley doesn't bother his head about theology," said Sally. "He just lives."

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

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None of the men
wanted to let him live
to tell this one on them
but he made his escape.

Is Marriage a Success?

SYMPATHY AND ADVICE

FOR "DOWNHEARTED."

Play fair.

I was attracted by a letter signed "Downhearted." At one time, in fact a few months ago, I was in the same shoes as your lady friend is now. It came to my knowledge that my fiancé had been married, and as it was told me, had gotten no divorce. Imagine how I felt, when he had never intimated that he was other than a single man. I, however, wanted the story from him and asked him to the house that very morning. Of course, outside people seldom get information straight because of carelessness in repeating, and I found that my friend had his divorce (he showed it to me) and that his wife had been untrue while he was in France. He said he intended to marry, but put it off because he was afraid I might turn him down on finding he had been married. However, I said as I loved him too well by that time.

My advice to "downhearted" would be this: Have a perfectly frank talk with your fiancé tell her everything. I don't know what her opinion on divorce is, but if she does stick to you, she'll love you better than ever for your frankness. If you don't tell her, she'll be bound to find it out some time, and then how much confidence will she have in you? Your first wife fooled you; don't you fool the girl you love, and if you really love her, you'll be fair enough to tell her.

I am not married as yet, but it seems to me that the fact that marriage was instituted by God is sufficient evidence that it is a success. If it proves a failure in some cases, it is the fault of the contracting parties. I do not presume to lay down any hard and fast rules, but my fiancé and I have found it best to be perfectly frank with one another.

WHAT HE OVERHEARD.

The writer was sitting on one of the park benches about August, 1918. Along came a woman and a man dressed in khaki. The woman said very plainly and distinctly to the man: "Place absolutely no confidence whatever in any woman. I want to tell you they are not to be trusted." I thought, My! what an indictment of the sex by the sex. Who is better able to judge?

NOT A BED OF ROSES.

Some say it is; some say not; but what we do do is to get into it. From my own personal experience it is a success, and, if I were single today, would get married again. My marriage was a runaway affair; my husband an apprentice and I a schoolgirl. But we have never regretted it. We have been married fourteen years now and have a daughter thirteen, and are still

This Day in Our History.

This is the anniversary of the discovery of the gunpowder plot in 1605 through an anonymous letter to Lord Mountague. The plotters aimed to destroy the King of England, the Lords and the Commons, when Parliament assembled.

young enough to enjoy the Baltimore hop.

Of course, married life is not a bed of roses, but is single life either. I think the great key to success in marriage is to take in some pleasures, whether you can afford them or not; both go together and take baby, too, and, above all, be big enough to forgive

BOOKS

WHITE AND FAIR. By Henry A. Shute. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation.

There are many who write books for and of boys, but few who succeed, for the very simple reason that the boy himself is the exacting judge who promptly recognizes and rejects that counterfeit which fails to ring true of boydom. Mark Twain, Booth Tarkington, and Judge Henry A. Shute are three authors in whom the spirit of boyhood refused to change as they reached manhood. And that explains why "Huck Finn," "Penrod Schofield," and "Plumpy Shute" are so real and so human.

Millions have laughed till the tears came over "The Real Diary of a Real Boy." Now Judge Shute has been persuaded to publish the funniest parts of Plumpy's diary—"The things they didn't dare print" in the previous volumes. This is a true record of his boyhood—and it must be for it sounds like real boyhood—the judge must have been "some boy."

The diary comes to the reader exactly as it was written, unvarnished in diction, spelling, or punctuation. It derives its title from the meteorological observation the youngster usually affixes to the record of his day's doings ascribed in the diary, providing it wasn't "cloudy," or "rainy and thundery." One extract will suffice to convey an idea of the delights that are to be found in this appealing volume:

"August 7, 1918—hot and thundery. Cele is reading the bible through. She reads a chapter every morning. She is terrible religious. She is a great reader of dime novels. She reads all mine, father tells me. I read them. He says he likes to read them himself. It is all Indian fighting. Cele has read Nat Todder the Trapper and Billy Bologs and Scalploc Sam and Mountain Mike and One Eyed Pete and lots of them. She says she likes the bible best. I don't believe it, she has got as far as the 2th psalm. Once father made me learn a psalm. He gave me 10 cents. Mother don't believe it will do Cele any good to read dime novels but father says it will help her attain a happy medium."

Then Plumpy and Beany and Pewt organize "The Terrible 3," a sort of huckster-knave affair, and Plumpy is elected to write out the record of the proceedings, naively explaining, "because I can spell so much better than Pewt can."

Plumpy and his companions were undoubtedly real boys, and their adventures will be read with great delight by the boys of yesterday—the "grown-ups" of today—with a keen and sympathetic understanding.

Worth Brehm has admirably illustrated the work.

and forget, for life is too short to quarrel.

What is greater than the love of a good man or woman to go through life with? You can have your single blessedness, or you can have a married life. So cheer up, old C. A. Victim, for you're out of luck. I sympathize with you, if I am a deceiver, for I'm happy at thirty and still game.

SUGGEST E. P. C.

USE A FLATIRON.

Replying to the letter signed E. P. C., would like to suggest that she use more spirit, much more spirit, in dealing with her husband. It is bad enough to put up with a man with a "nasty" temper and "awful" disposition without allowing him to be so peevish that he makes the children sleep on the floor for lack of a bed.

I would suggest that she tell him in a way of meaning it that unless he furnished suitable clothing and necessary furniture that she will place the children in a charitable home and leave him entirely and support herself; or threaten him with arrest for non-support and make him ashamed, the butt and laughing stock of his neighbors. If neither of these suggestions were plausible to her, a third way would be to take a flatiron, rolling pin or anything handy and force him to lay on the floor for a while, just to see how he liked it.

Dear E. P. C., your marriage most assuredly is not a success, but neither is mine. However, I would never, never, ever for a week put up with conditions which you describe.

MORE SPIRIT.

Domino Syrup

The Cane Flavor Will Delight You

Domino Golden Syrup

American Sugar Refining Company

"Sweeten it with Domino"

Mashing—
What The Times Readers Think.

BUREAU OF ESCORTS.

Before Policewoman Van Winkle endeavors to take steps to put into effect her drastic ideas to prohibit the freedom of the streets, after dark, to unescorted girls in this land of personal liberty, believe it might be wise for her to make some provision to take care of her would-be victims.

Suggest that she establish a Bureau of Escorts, to be conducted under Government supervision, to which girls desiring to attend school, church, movies, club meetings, etc., may make telephone requests for male escorts, to be furnished free of charge.

It gets dark so shortly after 5:30 these days that it might be policy to arrange permanent escorts for girls working later than Government hours. Or if there are insufficient men, which seems to be the case—eliminating "cokes," and many girls will not pay for the pleasure of their company or the protection afforded by their escort police patrol might be organized as a bus in which these unfortunate young women might safely repose while being conveyed to desired destinations.

PLEASED WITH OPINIONS.

Am pleased with expressions of opinions from readers of The Times in relation to unescorted young ladies on the streets at night. Hope Major Gessford will have hearty co-operation of all law-abiding citizens.

OBSERVANT.

I am a married man, holding a responsible position in the Government, and I am in a position to do a little observing.

Complaints are coming in everywhere about these inefficient girls drawing large salaries which they do not deserve. Of course, there are a few, thank God, who are noble representatives of their sex, and whom any man would be proud to know, but they are not masked faces, faces masked behind coats of red and white enamel. Nor either the bold ones who sally forth in bathing costumes, leaving nothing at all to the imagination. There is only one type of man that can be captured by such camouflage, and even that type is soon disgusted.

Dare we mention these women who are smoking in Uncle Sam's dormitories, in a same breath with our mothers and sisters, and good women we know?

ONE WHO KNOWS.

Why did Jeanne try
to kill him—
and then nurse him back to life?

Jeanne tried deliberately and expertly to kill him. He had no doubt about that. And now she was nursing him back to life. Why? Who was she? Where was she taking him? This is the exciting start of the greatest story yet written by the author of "The River's End". In November Good House-keeping read

The FLAMING FOREST
by James Oliver Curwood

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